

Montgomery Bell
Bulletin

Mrs. Martin

Commencement Number

June, 1910

M. B. A. DIRECTORY 1909-1910

Senior Class:

H. M. Joy, ... President
 D. W. Caldwell Vice-Pres.
 D. B. Deathridge, ... Sec.-Treas.

Library:

D. B. Deathridge, ... Librarian
 A. D. Carter, ... Asst. Librarian

Bulletin:

Frank E. Hagan, ... Editor-in-Chief
 Geo. A. Sloan, ... Asst. Editor
 Geo. W. Gleaves, ... Exchange Editor
 M. R. Stone, ... Sporting Editor
 H. M. Joy, ... Business Manager
 A. D. Carter, ... Asst. Bus. Manager
 D. B. Deathridge, ... Asst. Bus. Manager

Athletic Association

Jno. A. Sanford, ... President
 A. D. Carter, ... Vice President
 H. M. Joy, ... Secretary-Treasurer

Football Team

M. R. Stone, ... Captain
 R. O. Dibrell, ... Manager

Basketball Team

A. R. Latimer, ... Captain
 Geo. W. Gleaves, ... Manager

Baseball Team

J. Morgan Wilkerson, Jr., ... Captain
 Jno. A. Sanford, ... Manager

Track Team

J. Herndon Wright, Jr., ... Captain
 M. R. Stone, ... Manager

Debating Team

G. A. Sloan, ... Captain
 D. W. Caldwell, ... Manager

Married Men's Club

D. B. Deathridge, ... President
 A. S. Dale, ... Vice President

She: "Did you give papa an itemized account of your property as he asked?"

He: "Yes. I sent him your picture."

—o—

There was a boy Bud who got a pain;
 He grew some dauber of which he was vain.

It made his face ache
 When he caught in the brake
 On the end of a limited train.

(Bound for Ridge Top.)

—o—

IN HADES

Newly arrived: "Excuse me, is his majesty in?"

Clerk: "No sir, he is in Nashville."

Newly arrived: "When do you expect him back?"

Clerk: "Never."

—o—

Willie: "Papa, what is the rest of the quotation, 'Man proposes and—'?"

Mr. Henpeck: (sadly) "woman seldom refuses."

—o—

"I suppose," said the physician, smiling and trying to appear witty, while feeling the pulse of a lady patient; "I suppose you consider me a humbug?"

"Why doctor," replied the lady, "I had no idea you could ascertain a woman's thoughts by merely feeling her pulse."

—o—

Galloway: "Oh, professor, I forgot something in my speech! Shall I add P. S.?"

—o—

"You vely rich woman, I vely poor man. I aske you more mcney; you gives me none. O! Lamb of God, I go."

EXCHANGE

It is with many regrets that I, exchange editor, begin to write my last article for the dear old Bulletin. I hope that those papers which I have criticised during the year have accepted my criticisms in the way in which they were intended, not as "cuts," but as friendly advice on their defects as I saw them. I wish to extend my best wishes to the schools which have exchanged with us, as they have always been a source of pleasure, not only to myself, but to the other members of the staff. My successor will be one of the coming Seniors. The paper will pass into the hands of a capable staff and will be up to the usual standard. In speaking for my successor I hope to see all the old exchanges on the editor's desk next year. I now bid my contemporaries an affectionate farewell.

The Commencement Number of the Bowen Blade has appeared on our desk. It is up to its usual standard.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following papers, which we have received this month: "The Echo," "The McFerrin Courier," "The Bowen Blade," "The Vox Studentis" and the "M. S. B. Quarterly."

If a team was picked from the city schools M. B. A. would get at least four men on it.

We admit that Bowen seemed to have the best balanced team in the league and deserved the championship.

"Won't you take my seat?" said a man in the car, as he lifted his hat to a pretty young girl. "No, thank you," she replied, "I've been skating all afternoon and I'm tired of sitting down."—Ex.

A young lady who was perfectly thunderstruck at hearing of a friend's engagement, has since been provided with a lightning rod.—Ex.

A philosopher who married an uneducated but amiable girl used to call her "Brown Sugar," because, he said, she was sweet but unrefined.—Ex.

First Flea—"Been on a vacation?"
Second Flea—"No, on a tramp."—Ex.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "I've flunked again."

Two Irishmen were looking in a jewelry store window at a lot of diamonds. One Irishman said to the other: "Mike, how would you like to have your pick in there?"

"Begorra, I'd rather have me shovel."—Ex.

There was a young man named Perth,
Who was born on the day of his birth,
He was married they say,
On his wife's wedding day,
And he died on his last day on earth."—Ex.

ATHLETICS

M. B. A. vs. M. S. B.

One of the best games played during our short season in which every man did his part, was down at Murfreesboro between our boys and M. S. B. M. B. A. played errorless ball, and Dibrell pitched fine until the last inning, when he weakened, allowing the only run in the game.

The feature of the game was the outfielders work for M. B. A.

M. B. A.'s lineup was:

Dibrell	Pitcher
Hagan	Third Base
Wilkinson	Second Base
Holloran	Short Stop
Hollins	Catcher
Gleaves	First Base
Allen	Left Field
Gibson	Center Field
Sloan	Right Field

	R.	H.	E.
M. S. B.	1	3	3
M. B. A.	0	2	0

Struck out, Dibrell 5, Miles 7. Base on balls, Dibrell 1. Stolen bases, Hagan, Lane. Sacrifice hit, Westmoreland.

M. B. A. vs. F. H. S.

On April 10th we met and defeated Fogg High School; score 8 to 3.

Dibrell pitched a masterly game for M. B. A., allowing but four hits, while we hit Mr. Ahearn when we felt like it.

Halloran and Gleaves did the star "hickory" work for M. B. A., each getting about as many hits as they were at the bat. Old man "Chubby" also did some stunt work around second.

M. B. A. vs. WALLACE

Wallace was an easy mark in both games played. In the last game we sent our shortstop, Mr. Holloran, in to pitch and then Mr. Wallace's boys could not do any better than lose. The feature of the game was the heavy hitting throughout the game on both sides. The error column was none too small on either side. The final score was to 14 to 6.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

When Hagan slid into third base during the Wallace game it put M. B. A. to the bad because this game little player was forced to retire from the game, having his ankle sprained badly.

Have you noticed George Gleaves and his "Record" bat?

Capt. Wilkerson played a steady

game throughout the season, both in the fielding and batting departments.

That M. B. A. infield was the fastest in the City Prep. League.

Gleaves, Dibrell, Hagan and Halloran all batted .300 and better.

Did you notice the way Stone slides into a base?

The managing of the team was ably looked after this year by John Sanford.

That lightweight outfield of M. B. A. played a good fielding game all the year.

The Lust

By J. A. Green.

The man turned sharply away from the boisterous scene around the rude log bar and gazed wistfully through the window into the steady downpour outside. How he hated these noisy miners and longed to be among the hills again working his little claim; working as he had never worked before, for Mollie and the kiddies, back east.

Slowly the dusk blended into night; the clouds showed signs of breaking, and the man, weary with his own thoughts, bunked in.

II.

Morning broke clear and warm, but the stranger with his burro had departed long before old Sol threw his first pink rays down the canyon. Slowly the man and his faithful companion wormed their way along the muddy trail toward the head of the pass.

Everywhere little beds of wild flowers bloomed, mingling their glorious hues with faint tints of early morning, while here and there the sunlight made patches of crimson on the bare quartz rock. But the man did not notice these things, for his eyes were intent upon a cleared spot far off on the mountain. "Be there by noon," he muttered, and the easterner was right for the sun was overhead when he unpacked his donkey before the hut.

His hasty meal was but a minute's work, and the man was off to his digging, emptying the water the rain had left. All evening he worked, until late in the night, and the setting sun of the following day found him ready to commence digging. But he waited until morning, so that he could work all day. It was near noon when

the shovel he was using brought up a nudget of shining metal. A cry of joy, almost desperation, escaped his lips, and in feverish excitement, the man began clawing the dirt beneath his find, muttering half wild caresses to the rich yellow gold his fingers uncovered. Desperately he worked until late in the night, and then, weary and exhausted, he slept. He was up before daylight the next morning, stumbling, working, muttering, but adding to his precious supply. Day after day he labored until the pocket of gold was exhausted, but that mattered not, he was rich, wealthy now. Molly could live as he had planned.

III.

To-night was to be his last among these God forsaken hills, and he packed his wealth slowly into the iron box used in the west. This finished, he lighted his pipe and fell to sleep across the table, dreaming of Molly and the kids. Outside the wind howled dismally, and the lamp, caught by a gust of wind, went out.

Cautiously, and unheard, the window was pushed open and a shot broke the stillness of the night. The easterner sank in a huddled heap on the floor, while through the window came the owner of the gun, and his deft hands soon plied the locks. "Hope I aint killed ye," he muttered, as he passed out.

(Blair and Douglas coming from school)

First little boy: "Oh, you told a lie. You'll go to hell if you tell lies."

Second little boy: "Hell, what's that?"

First little boy: "What, you good Methodist, and don't know where hell is?"

Second little boy: "I don't, they don't teach that in my geography class."

MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

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JUNE, 1910.

Published during the school year by the students of Montgomery Bell Academy, corner Lindsley Avenue and Academy Place, Nashville, Tenn.

F. E. Hagan.....Editor-in-Chief
G. A. Sloan.....Assistant Editor
Geo. W. Gleaves.....Exchange Editor
M. R. Stone.....Sporting Editor
H. M. Joy.....Business Manager
A. D. Carter..Assistant Bus. Manager
D. B. Deathridge..Asst. Bus. Manager

Any one wishing to secure a \$50 business course (telegraphy, stenography, or bookkeeping) in either of Nashville's best business colleges, very cheap, should apply to the Business Manager of this paper. Address H. M. Joy, Montgomery Bell Academy.

EDITORIAL

LOOKING BACKWARD

As we glance back over the work of the year just passed, we see where we have made a great many mistakes that could have been avoided. But what is past has passed, so we will let it go at that. We do not claim to have published a better paper than the one of last year, but we do believe it has been up to the standard.

We hope that the editors for the next year will receive the help of every student, for this is the only way to get results. We want to take this chance to thank the faculty for the interest they have shown in our work, and also to thank those boys who contributed matter of any kind to the Bulletin.

A little boy named Rollin, Jr., saw a long bearded man named Deffries and a bear coming down the street. He ran home and cried to his mother: "Oh, mamma, look what's coming." "Be still," said the mother, for the man was now in front of the house. "It is only a man and a tame bear." They won't hurt you." "But—but, mamma," asked Rollin, "which is the bear?"

Fond Mother—"All these beautiful silk dress, Johnnie, come from an insignificant worm."

Johnnie—"Yes, mamma, papa is the little worm."

He (at midnight)—Funny custom the Chinese have. The hostess is expected to notify the caller when it is time to go.

She (with sigh)—But we are in England, you know.

Officer: "Is your brother who was deaf any better?"

Bridget—"Sure, he'll be all right in the morning."

Officer—"You don't say so."

Bridget—"He was arrested yesterday and he gets his hearing in the morning."

Bill—What did you do with your auto yesterday?

Will—Kicked up a hell of a dust and created a bad smell.

GEORGE ARTHUR SLOAN

We knew he would do it. Papa has often said that George was the best speaker in school and was going to make a lawyer, and it has so happened. He was the lawyer who made a flowery speech to the governor who pardoned his cousin "Happy" for killing a school-teacher. No argument was needed in this case, but George can argue. Any of the boys who have heard him turn loose when he has received a low grade, know that he can argue. When he speaks to a crowd, he moves them to tears by the gestures of his beautifully formed hand. George will be in Congress some day.

ROBERT A. HOLLINS

And it happened that on the first day of April, in the year 1916, a great accident occurred in the up-town district of Nashville. A great explosion of dynamite, that had been stored in a building, took place. And it also came to pass that an old M. B. A. boy was standing over the place where the dynamite was stored. He was dreaming of the happy days when he broke his finger playing ball, and what was the result of the explosion? It shall be revealed to you. Boom! Bim! The young man woke up. Yes, I repeat it, sir, Robert A. Hollins woke up to the fact that he had not seen his Dan for two months. He started on a trip north in search of him. While gone, he had the distinction of sleeping on the North Pole, and he

admits himself that he would still be asleep there if the Pole hadn't had splinters in it. Returning, he established a dancing school. Outside the school is tacked this card, Hollinsky-Dancing-Master. Oi, Yoi, who would have thought it? He carefully explains on the cards he sends out that he will teach young men to dance, but prefers to teach young ladies. Robert, shame on you!

FRANK E. HAGAN

We were about to close but forgot a little matter which will now be related to you. As we write it, we are coughing up wet sobs by the bushel. After reading the last issue of the Bulletin, Hagan was informed of several nice, quiet places, known as sanitariums. He refused to listen, having an idea that he could write, he kept on the hunt for a job until a lung in the back of his head broke and he was gently taken out the Murfreesboro Pike. While on the way to that beautiful little park about seven miles from town, the carriage in which he was riding overturned, and he broke both legs and his neck. It's said that he died of insomnia. He could, no doubt, have gotten a newspaper job, but he refused to work on any but a prohibition paper. Remember, boys, that he died for this principle.

So much for the class of 1910,
Who studied a little, now and then.

those who left the Academy in 1910. A great many of his works will stand for centuries, and can not be improved upon. Some of his most notable works are, the construction of a great platform, one thousand feet in the air, for air ships to be repaired upon. This platform is conveniently situated in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. But probably the most magnificent creation of this fertile brain, is the gymnasium at M. B. A. This will not wear out in the near future, but will stand for years to come. It might be mentioned that he was a star member of both the physics and explosion classes at school.

H. F. GALLOWAY

Every one who has ever purchased wall paper, knows of the well-known firm of Galloway & Co. Mr. Galloway, after graduating, started into the wall paper business, and by his ingenuity, invented a superior kind of paste to use in connection with his wall paper establishment. He makes the paste in great quantities, and wholesales it to all states in the Union. One thing in favor of Mr. Galloway's success is, he needs no step-ladder in his papering work. It is rumored that he uses his head for the paste brush. Mr. Galloway has grown quite fat of late. He frequently visits the soft drink stand of Carter & Deathridge, where Jimpy serves him with ale. So succeedeth our horny-handed comrade.

E. F. YANCEY

This young gentleman, having a very persuasive tongue, obtained the agency in the South for the distribution of Pompeian Cream. As he gives personal illustration of the values of this great compound, and is said to be a very bundle of energy, he is rapidly making good. It has been said that he

soon changed the plan he used at school and learns a new "spiel" very often. This certainly sounds strange and deserves success.

MORGAN WILKERSON

What wild-eyed fan of the base ball world has not heard of "Chubby" Wilkerson? He, it was who won the championship of the South for the Nashville team in 1915. Chubby is a doctor by profession, and has the patronage of all level headed people who know him. He has, besides, the patronage of the old M. B. A. boys who knew him. He has succeeded in this, but what is far more important, has been playing for a number of years in the big leagues.

JNO. W. LOVE

This brilliant and accomplished young translator of Latin, has been a prominent member of society in Nashville for several years. He is a noted illustrator for some of our best magazines, and being a bachelor, is very popular at social affairs. His specialty, and where he is very popular, is at masque balls. Since leaving school, he has developed a beautiful soprano voice. It is always simple when you know how.

M. R. STONE

This well-known promoter of fights among small boys, while at school, has taken this up as a profession, and now promotes some of the largest fights in the United States. He, himself, started out to be a boxer, but was whipped by a former schoolmate, one J. M. Blair. He immediately retired from the prize ring, but could not give up the game, and so promotes the fights. When not engaged in promoting, he, together with Geo. Gleaves, runs a billiard hall.

among ladies' men, went to New York after graduating from school and is making money right along. Leslie has bought the hamburger privileges in that thriving little town, and has as many as 5,000 men under him. He remembers the days at Nashville, however, and sells them two for a nickel. If it had been that way when he was at M. B. A. he said he could have made a meal off a half-dollar. Ben Harlan, who visits him very often says that Leslie sings in his sleep of someone named Irene. This must mean that he is going to get married. Being in love, Leslie is doing as well as could be expected, and when he gets this out of his system, we predict a great future.

JNO. ROONEY.

This young man, who, while in school, showed marked talent for being either a lawyer, financier, or president of some great company, did not choose either of these paths to success. He is now known as Signor Roonie, the marvelous magician, whose fame is world-wide, and whose reputation is also. However, this is always the way, when a man gets to be famous, someone is always accusing him of something. At the close of his famous act of slight-of-hand tricks, our old friend, Jerry, gathers all the watches or rings in the audience, puts them in his pocket, and works his great disappearance act. And it is just for this thing that they accuse him of dishonesty. There are certainly some queer people in this world. As Signor Roonie once said, himself, that if the jewelry he received was not properly marked so that he could return it from the town to which his disappearance took him, usually about five hundred miles away, he was sorry. Of course he was sorry. Any one who

knew Jerry at school knows he was sorry. He has learned a new speech.

H. M'ALESTER JOY.

Having managed the Bulletin, Joy naturally became very hardened towards the world and looked on every one with suspicion. Not satisfied with the injury he had done to the world through publishing the Bulletin, Happy became more and more depraved, and finally became so wicked that he robbed a blind man who was begging on the streets, and as a consequence was sent to the penitentiary. Here he stayed for three years, until one day, he happened to get in a fight with a school teacher who was in the "pen" also. Joy having learned to fight while collecting "ads," killed the school teacher, and was immediately pardoned. Having during the three years in prison, perfected his plans, he established an insurance agency whose specialty was robbing widows and orphans. So, after all, "Happy" Joy became an honored and respected citizen.

JOHN A. SANDFORD.

True to his promises at M. B. A., John entered the glass business after leaving school. It was in the construction instead of the destruction of glass, however. John showed while he was at school, that he understood glass perfectly. As he managed the baseball team at school, he understands how to manage his negro laborers. John has been married twice, and has been successful in every way.

A. R. LATIMER

Having graduated from one of the large universities of the Middle-West, Latimer became one of the greatest engineers of all time. His career has perhaps been the most successful of

beef, etc., Although both young men should be well off, they are only moderately so, and it is rumored that they use most of their stock, for sickness, of course, before their customers have a chance at it. Boys, you should not do this, remember you must keep up the record of the Academy, "Use all of it."

D. W. CALDWELL

This young man, has, perhaps led the most exciting life of any of those boys who left the Academy in that famous class of '10. Dan has been a hunter, among other things, and has fought lions in Africa, polar bears in the far North, elephants and tigers in South America, and mosquitos in Nashville. This is a good record, surely. After his great fight at the North Pole with a bear, he returned home, getting here in two days. While at school Dandridge was on the track team. He once won the Cumberland derby at Nashville, riding his own horse, which was called by the name of Rip.. He rode well, although while at school he was not in the Latin Class. Dan is now a well-to-do business man of Nashville, but he refuses to marry. Why, we can only guess.

GEO. W. GLEAVES

Among many thing that have tended to sadden our lives, has been the disappointment felt at George Gleaves' downfall. It is the saddest thing that has occurred in years, and tears are falling now on this sheet, as these words are written. It seems that we are writing his obituary. Oh, George, what made you do it? Why did you not remember your old class at M. B. A. before you took the fatal step? Brought up in that class, and seeing what you did, how could you

do it? We would like to get every member of that class to write to you, to plead with you, that you may brace up and be a man. No, reader, George is not a dope fiend, he has not been to the penitentiary, yet—but, George, since leaving school, has been a school teacher.

S. T. CONNELLEE.

Having had, as he expressed it, a bunch of fun while at M. B. A., Connellee returned to Nashville to study medicine. He d'd not study this long, but graduated from a school of divinity, and returned to Oklahoma as a missionary. He has been so successful in his preaching that nothing is now sold there except beerette. Having accomplished this, Connelle left. He said the climate did not suit him. When last heard from he was on one of the South Sea Islands and had married a Zulu girl. Here's luck to him.

BEN J. HARLAN.

You of a former generation, heard of B. J. Harlan, the great chemist, but the present generation knows only B. J. Harlan, the great landscape gardener. Ben took up this work by a doctor's orders, as he had worked so hard in his laboratory that he had become as thin as his old desk mate in the laboratory at M. B. A. No one thought that Ben had an artistic eye, but he has made a great success in the building of base ball parks and race tracks. It is said that he personally conducts the work and always dawls over his grounds before opening them. The grounds are always firmly packed. This is no doubt why his work is in so much demand.

LESLIE DOUGLAS.

Leslie Douglas, that ladies' man

"and," concluded the lawyer, "though you deserve it, I think you are a lucky man."

Two months later as a large steamship moved slowly out from New York, Tom Winford, all doubt gone from his mind, looked at the bright face at his side, and also thought that he was lucky.

THE STAFF.

G. A. Sloan, H. M. Joy, M. R. Stone, A. D. Carter, F. E. Hagan, G. W. Gleaves, D. B. Deathridge.

Graduating Exercises of Montgomery Bell Academy, June 9, 1910. Programme.

Music; prayer; music; graduates Latin-Scientific course: F. E. Hagan, "The Value and Need of a Merchant Marine;" J. W. Love, Jr., "The Gloom of Useless Smoke;" J. J. Rooney, "The Value of a Collegiate Education;" M. R. Stone, "Socialism;" E. F. Yancey, "Enforcement of the Law."

Graduates English Course: J. M. Blair, "The Passing of the Sword;" D. W. Caldwell, "Personal Liberty;" A. D. Carter, "Rome and America;" D. Deathridge, "Our National Inheritance;" L. Douglas, "The Divorce of the Continents;" B. J. Harlan, "The Value of Water Power;" R. A. Hollins, "Interurbans;" H. M. Joy, "Keys to Success;" A. R. Latimer, "Mexico, the Progressive;" G. A. Sloan, "The American Newspaper;" J. M. Wilkerson, Jr., "Education in the South;" G. W. Gleaves, "The Moral Tendency of the Nation."

Special Course: S. T. Connelley; music; presentation of certificates; music; distribution of prizes; music.

Senior Class Prophecy

Being a faithful and true account of the success or non-success of the members of the Class of 1909-10, kept and published by A. S. Dale, Jr., who, like his illustrious sire, is a great humorist, and has been known to sometimes learn as many as three new jokes a year.

JULIUS M. BLAIR

Upholding, in every way, his warlike name, Blair, like Julius Caesar, went forth to conquer or to die. He is still living. Although he obtained a government position soon after leaving college, he retained his old love for boxing, and proved so successful, that, Jas. J. Jeffries turned the title that he had never lost, over to him. Julius is the inventor of a new kind of punch, not the kind you drink, that is a wonder. It always gets results. Here it is: Julius, in the midst of a hot fight, completely covers his eyes with his arm, and rushes towards his opponent. The opponent immediately faints with surprise and the match is won. Bravo!! This should, no doubt, have some scientific name, but at the time of going to press, we are unable to provide it.

A. D. CARTER AND D. B. DEATH- RIDGE, PROPRIETORS.

This is a sign that is familiar to all, whether they are temperate, or whether they are old M. B. A. boys. It hangs over a soft drink stand in the up-town district of Nashville. There is always a crowd around the place of business of these two popular young men, but there is always a larger one at the dinner hour than at any other time; then it is that Carter shines, as he serves the soup, roasted

could shake Tom's belief in her, for love is blind. They established themselves in the New York home of Mrs. Winford and everything went beautifully for a while. But after they had been at home for about a month Mrs. Winford seemed all at once to be mixed up in some underhand business. She left the house at all hours of the night and once stayed away for two weeks. When she returned she went straight to Tom and kissed him and—well, Tom was satisfied. But he did wonder at times if this beautiful woman could by any chance be engaged in some criminal work. He always kept such thoughts to himself, and so the life of these two when together was very pleasant.

These actions of his wife could not continue without comment and Tom presently began to get reports of the places his wife frequented. He himself once saw her in a restaurant together with another man, and he was troubled, for Tom loved that pretty wife of his and believed that she loved him. It was while he was trying to think of some way he could contrive to keep her at home that he met by accident one of her former husbands. This man, when he found out who Tom's wife was, asked him if he wished to employ a detective. He remarked that he had been forced to pay a detective a large price to keep track of his former wife. Though Tom would not do this, he thought it would be better for him to try to watch his wife a little more than had been his habit.

So, seeing her preparing to leave one morning he resolved to follow her. What he saw surprised him greatly. His wife had told him that she was only in comfortable circumstances, yet on this trip she made purchases that would have soon put a millionaire in debt. The only explanation Tom

could think of was that she had married someone else without taking the trouble to inform him of the fact. Entering a jewelry store where she had just made a large purchase he asked the clerk in whose name the bill had been made. He replied that it was in the name of Mr. Hawkins, one of their oldest customers. He also added that Mrs. Hawkins, who had just left, was in the habit of coming in two or three times a week for the purchase of some bit of jewelry that she might fancy. Tom, who was naturally excited over the possibility of his wife having married another man, learned the address of Mr. Hawkins and left immediately to see him. Arriving at that gentleman's office, he demanded to know if Mr. Hawkins was paying the bills of Mrs. Winford. Mr. Hawkins replied that he was, and wanted to know in what way that fact affected Mr. Winford. "Oh, it doesn't matter," that gentleman replied, "it only happens that she is my wife," and seizing his hat he hurriedly left the office without waiting to hear Mr. Hawkins' explanation of the affair.

Two weeks later Tom was called into the parlor by his wife, who introduced to him her cousin, Mr. Hawkins. That gentleman lost no time in telling him that he had the honor, and the power, as attorney for Mrs. Winford, to inform him that he had inherited jointly with her a fortune left by her eccentric aunt that amounted to about one million dollars. Mrs. Winford had merely taken her original name to avoid complications, as she had been left a legacy by her aunt that was enough to pay her bills. It seems that the aunt had been married to a jealous and suspicious man and had provided in her will for the man who had successfully passed the tests that were to be set by her niece,



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The Lucky Fifth

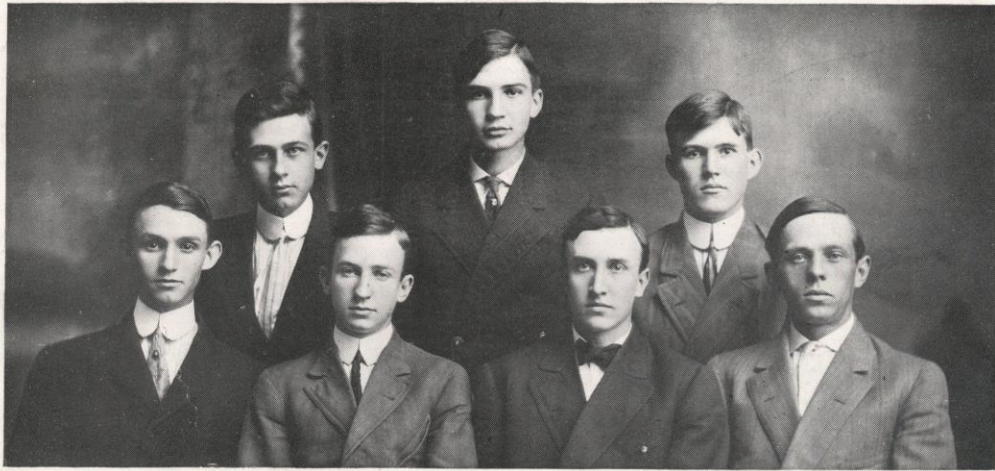
Though Tom Winford was still a bachelor at the age of thirty-four, he thought that he thoroughly understood the fairer sex. He had always escaped the darts of Cupid until one night he met in Paris a strikingly handsome woman, introduced to him by the name of Mrs. Barrows. Supposing that she was a widow he obtained permission to visit her, and after this visit fell violently in love with her. She confessed to him that her last husband had not died, but that he had obtained a divorce from her. This, however, did not in any way worry the infatuated Tom, who, after a brief courtship obtained her consent for a marriage. Tom was congratulated for his success by a great many friends, who seemed, he thought, to be a little insincere in their well-wishes. One of his best friends surprised him by saying that he hoped she would make Tom happier than she had made him. "What do you mean by that?" Tom asked him, in surprise. The friend stared at him an instant and then hurriedly explained to him that he was the man who obtained the divorce from the woman who was now

Mrs. Winford. "And I wasn't the first," he laughingly said. "I think I ought to tell you, Tom, that Mrs. Winford was married three times before she got me. So you are the fifth." The faith of Tom, the man who understood women, remained unshaken, however, for his wife was as affectionate as anyone dearly, so he was content to let the matter drop.

Nothing unusual occurred until the beginning of their honeymoon trip. She received a telegram just before the hour for departure and at once changed their plans. During the trip, though, she was as nice and loving to Tom as could be. She was always receiving strange visitors at all hours of the day and in the most unheard of could be. She seemed to love Tom places. Inasmuch as she was paying the bills, Tom did not feel like making any big kick about the looks of her visitors and merely thought it was some foolish whim that had got her mixed up with a secret society maybe.

When they reached New York at the end of their honeymoon nothing

THE STAFF



G. A. SLOAN. H. M. JOY. M. R. STONE.
A. D. CARTER. F. E. HAGAN. G. W. GLEAVES. D. B. DEATHRIDGE

This issue is Dedicated
to our principal
S. M. D. CLARK,
whose untiring efforts in our
behalf have known no
bounds

Madam: "Poor little Fido, he was such a nice dog. I am so sorry he died."

Bridget: "So am I, mum. Many's the plate he saved me washing."

Mrs. Gaswell: "The Czar of Russia now has four daughters."

Mr. Gaswell: "Oh, the dear little Czardine."

She: "The dressmaker says she won't make me another gown unless you pay her bill."

He: "God bless her."

She: "What are shoes made of, brightness?"

He: "Simple enough—skins."

She: "How about banana skins?"

He: "They save those for slippers."

She: "Wouldn't it be fine if we women had pockets at the top of our hose?"

He: "That would be a pretty come-off—women going down the street with their hands in their pockets."

"He always was a lucky fellow."

"How?"

"When he fell out of his air ship, he plumped straight through the skylight of a hospital."

Patient: "Vat, do you mean to charge me two dollars a visit?"

Doctor: "That is my regular rate to every one."

Patient: "Yase, but I introduced this disease into der neighborhood."

"This article," said the magazine editor, handing it back, "will hardly do. Pardon me, for saying it, but you

don't seem to have any fertility of imagination."

"If I haven't," responded the indignant contributor, "it isn't for lack of fertilizing material; I have read all the recent fiction."

"Why did you break your engagement with that school teacher?"

"If I failed to show up at her house every evening, she expected me to bring a written excuse signed by my mother."

Little George was taken by his aunt to see the new comer, aged one day. He was duly and profoundly impressed with the specimen, and asked where the little brother came from.

"God sent it," answered the aunt, reverently."

The answer made a deep impression on little George, for that afternoon he was seen out in the back yard gazing up into the deep blue sky, and spreading his diminutive apron expectantly as he said: "Dear God, please throw me one down too."

She knows him well to speak to,
But doesn't know him by sight;
And if you guess she's the telephone girl,

I guess that you'll be right.

Mother (after paddling Johnnie's sitter with her shoe)—"I punish you, Johnnie, because I love you. But you are too young to understand what love is."

Son—Is it two soles with but a single thought; two hands that beat as one?"